

Meet David Cassidy

by JAMES A. HUDSON



Special Arrow Edition of Young Mr. Cassidy

60¢
TX2123



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010

Meet David Cassidy

Meet David Cassidy

by JAMES A. HUDSON

Special Arrow Edition of
Young Mr. Cassidy

SCHOLASTIC BOOK SERVICES

NEW YORK • TORONTO • LONDON • AUCKLAND • SYDNEY • TOKYO

PHOTO ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Cover and inside photos: ABC-TV

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be resold, lent, or otherwise circulated in any binding or cover other than that in which it is published—unless prior written permission has been obtained from the publisher—and without a similar condition, including this condition, being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

Copyright © 1972 by Scholastic Magazines, Inc. All rights reserved. Published by Scholastic Book Services, a division of Scholastic Magazines, Inc.

2nd printing March 1972

Printed in the U.S.A.

CONTENTS

A Cassidy Concert is a "Happening"	7
"You Have to Find Out Who You Are"	9
David "Bruce" Proves David Cassidy's Talent . . .	17
That "Special Look"	20
Some Said the Show Would Flop	23
David's New "Family"	27
"They Rushed the Stage"	40
Disadvantages of Being a Teenagers' Idol	50
Friends vs. Acquaintances	56
Standing Around Can Be Hard Work	60
The Partridge Family on the Set	65



A Cassidy Concert Is a "Happening"

HE'S SLIGHT AND SLIM — a good-looking young man with a winning smile. And when he bounds on stage, his happily noisy audience goes wild!

The applause is a roar — made up of clapping and shrieks and moans from thousands of girls who idolize him. Recently, according to one account, no fewer than 150 girls fainted at an open-air concert he gave in Detroit.

Who is the object of all this hero worship? He is David Cassidy, an actor as well as a musician, just turned twenty-one. A year or two ago few people had even heard of him. Then along came a new television series, *The Partridge Family*. And now, by most

ratings, David Cassidy, or Keith Partridge, as he is known to his television audience, is the top singing star today.

Once on stage, David launches into song, singing in a clear voice and strumming his electric guitar. The crowd falls almost silent — but not for long. The slightest quiver of David's voice, any unexpected movement of his head or shoulders, brings a chorus of shrieks and screams from the girls in the audience. David Cassidy's fans haven't just come to *hear* him. After all, they can do that by sitting alone, listening to his records or watching *The Partridge Family* on their TV sets. They've come here to be *with* David Cassidy.

At his concerts, David is not just a musician, not merely an actor. To many of his fans he's a *happening*. If you don't believe this, take a look at their faces. They're pictures of joy, though sometimes mixed with sorrow too. Happy for the moment, they're aware that, like all good things, the concert will end, and all too soon. Then David Cassidy, so close at the moment, will climb aboard a jet plane and fly back to never-never land. Some of David's fans will even admit that they'd swap their brothers — or, in extreme cases, their boy friends — for David Cassidy. That's how much he's come to mean to them!

“You Have to Find Out Who You Are”

THERE HAVE BEEN many performer-idols from Frankie (Sinatra) on, but few, if any, have captured almost the entire teenage and sub-teenage audience as swiftly as David Cassidy has.

When *The Partridge Family* made its TV debut, David Cassidy became a hero, literally overnight. And nothing can prepare an entertainer completely for such sudden fame and the many changes it brings to his life.

Hollywood abounds with stories of how big-name stars more or less fell into the acting profession by accident. Success yarns tell how unknown actors or performers accompanied a friend with acting ambi-

tions to an audition — and the director picked *them* for the part. Or, maybe, bored with life as a truck driver, a waiter, or even a bank clerk, they decided to take a part in a Little Theater play. Of course a talent scout is always present at such productions, and he sees the unsuspecting amateur's great potential. So the talent scout breaks a leg rushing backstage to sign the unknown to a movie or TV contract!

David Cassidy's "discovery" was no such accident; and David had always known what he wanted to do. "I wanted to act from the time I was three or four years old," he admits.

Acting to him had never been a mysterious profession. He was born into the world of the New York theater on April 12, 1950. His father is actor Jack Cassidy, and his mother is actress Evelyn Ward.

David's ambition, though quite different from most young boys', didn't set him apart from other kids. His childhood, like other children's, had its ups and downs. David's parents separated when he was five years old, and of course, that didn't make his life any easier. After his parents' marriage broke up, David lived with his mother and grandmother in West Orange, N.J.

"I started singing when I was three," he said with

a smile. A lot of other kids start singing early, too, so this didn't mark David as so very "different." But one thing did — at least in his own mind. His eyes were slightly crossed, forcing him to wear glasses. The corrective glasses, with their black horn rims, gave him a studious appearance that sometimes belied the fun-loving side of his nature. One time this led to a fight.

"When I was about eight, I was down at the corner of my block in New Jersey when a kid said something to me," David recalls. "I don't even remember exactly what he said. I guess it was, 'Hello, four eyes,' or something like that. Whatever it was, that started it. I got angry, and we got into a fight."

Had David won or lost? Again, that good-natured smile, displaying even white teeth and crinkles at the corners of his hazel eyes. "To tell you the truth, I think the only reason I fought him was I knew I could win," David confessed. "And I was right. I did win. That's the only time I can think of when the eye thing got me into any real trouble. Oh, maybe I was in one other fight. Anyway, I finally had an operation when I was twelve. I'd been going for treatment for five or six years. The treatments had worked to a certain point, but finally I had to have the operation."

Some accounts of David's operation have built up

the drama of his awaking after surgery to find himself in total darkness. His eyes were heavily bandaged, of course. And, to someone unprepared for such an experience, it could be terrifying. But, as David remembers it, "It wasn't tragic. I didn't *like* it. I guess no one likes *any* operation. But there wasn't anything tragic about it. After all, it meant I could get rid of the glasses."

The fact that David can show such "cool" when discussing the operation says a lot for his mother. Obviously she'd prepared him for those long dark hours he'd have to spend with his head swathed in bandages. To any mother who is as devoted to her son as Miss Ward is to David, the suspense must have been frightening. But she somehow mustered enough courage and faith to impart a great deal of both to her son.

"My mother," said David Cassidy, giving what many kids would consider the ultimate tribute to one's mother, "was very 'Do-what-you-want, just-wait-until-you-graduate-from-high-school.'"

The eye operation took care of one physical problem, but David had to learn how to live with another — his height. For years, it obviously bothered him that he couldn't excel at a sport in which he was

keenly interested — basketball. But even if he'd had perfect coordination and muscles of steel, a fellow who, at twenty-one, still falls four inches short of six feet would never be apt to play against a Lou Alcindor or a Willis Reed.

It was while discussing basketball that David admitted to being “a loner.” He used to pitch and catch for a YMCA baseball team too; but basketball was his favorite. “I used to play basketball, but I couldn't go out for the high school team,” he said. “I didn't feel that I could compete, because I was so much smaller — and I didn't want to be on the C-team.” So, David played ball at the YMCA until, as he good-naturedly put it, “I got interested in girls and stopped growing at about the same time.”

So while other boys were out shooting baskets in the school gym, David was developing his musical and dramatic skills. “My mother was a dancer,” he said. “From the time I was five I worked with her. I was always in a choir. I also played drums, and have been playing guitar since I was about eleven. In high school, I played in the band.”

David flashed a grin. “Some of our music was so bad you couldn't dance to it. But I've always been involved in music. For a while, my life just revolved



DAVID CASSIDY and "friend" — his guitar.

around jamming with people. I never had any formal training in either guitar or drum. But two close friends of mine were virtuosos, so I picked up what I know from them.”

When David was ten, he and his mother moved to Hollywood. There, he attended Emerson Junior High School and, later, Rexford High School in Beverly Hills, and visited his father on weekends. It was shortly after he moved to Hollywood that he found musical friends and began teaching himself to play the guitar. But, in the middle of the eleventh grade, it seemed he might become a dropout.

“It may be sort of a cliché,” David admitted, “but I got in with the wrong group of people and got stagnant at school. I felt I couldn’t take it. I felt I was just a number. I started cutting classes. I did absolutely nothing. I was just rotting away. I had no ambition; everything had left me. I did nothing.

“My mother was very concerned about me. That was the only year we didn’t get along. I was constantly hurting her. I didn’t want to, but I couldn’t help myself.

“Finally, they told me to leave school. They sent me to a continuation school.”

Eventually, David snapped out of this nonproductive phase. Looking back, he sees it as a period of

moody "downs" which many kids go through in their teens. "It was tough," recalled David. "Teenagers go through a change in life at a time when they're neither adults nor kids. You have to find out who you are. I just had to find it out myself. Everybody has problems when they're growing up.

"All in all, I wasn't a bad student," said David, "but I wasn't outstanding, either. I graduated from high school with about a B-minus average. I just never got into it that much. When I wanted to put my head in it, I was pretty good — but it took me until about my senior year to *put* my head in it. The last year or so kind of stimulated me."

What apparently stimulated David even more, however, was acting. His actress-mother had tried to avoid having her son become a "theater brat." "I didn't like children in show business," Evelyn Ward confessed. "I don't like the studio schools and the professional children's schools. But it bothered David to see me working with other kids, so I let him appear with me in summer stock once in a while."

As infrequent as these appearances were, though, they were enough to feed David's ambition and to strengthen his determination to become an actor.

David "Bruce" Proves David Cassidy's Talent

THOUGH DAVID WAS "LATE" in getting down to serious studying, in his senior year he raised his average and qualified to enter Los Angeles City College.

Perhaps with the idea of sharpening his insight as to what makes people "tick," and to develop his acting skills, he majored in psychology.

Being the son of a famous parent is often a mixed blessing. While David was growing up, his father, Jack Cassidy, was scoring one stage triumph after another.

When David was only two, his father was featured in a hit Broadway musical, *Wish You Were Here*. Three years later, Jack Cassidy was touring Europe

in a production of *Oklahoma!* which was under State Department sponsorship. Another star of the cast was Shirley Jones whom Jack met for the first time. The next year, she and Jack were married.

To be surrounded by relatives who are famous in the acting field can't hurt a boy with acting ambitions. What *can* hurt is a gnawing doubt that without such influence he'd never have gotten the part.

Even after successful performances in summer stock with his mother and after making an early professional appearance in the Los Angeles Theatre production of *And So to Bed*, David was plagued by some self-doubts. If he hadn't been the son of Jack Cassidy and Evelyn Ward and the stepson of Shirley Jones, could he have won a part strictly on his own merits? The question bothered him and he had to find the answer himself. If it was his *name* and not his talent that was responsible for these chances to act, he felt he'd have to face that fact — regardless of how unpleasant it might be.

When he heard that auditions were being held for a Broadway musical, David tried out for the role of co-star.

"What's your name?" he was asked.

David realized that this was the time to put his

talent as an *actor* to the test. So he gave his name as "David Bruce." David passed the test.

Unfortunately, "David Bruce's" acting career was cut short; the play closed after four performances. But David Cassidy, by using an alias, had proved something to himself — he'd landed a big stage part with no family "strings attached."

That "Special Look"

BACK AGAIN IN HOLLYWOOD, David continued to win parts. Now convinced that his name had nothing to do with any success he met, he quietly buried "David Bruce" and auditioned for various parts as David Cassidy.

Under his real name he won leading guest roles on such television serials as *Ironside*, *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, *The FBI*, *Adam-12*, *Bonanza*, *Medical Center*, *Mod Squad*, and *The Survivors*.

David is his own severest critic. "I did several things that weren't any good. I did an *Ironside* that wasn't any good. But I don't think I'd ever stop acting."

These early TV appearances were well worth it — regardless of how David felt about his success in them. For watching one of the programs was Chuck Laufer, a forty-seven-year-old former high school teacher who, when he turned thirty, had decided to stay on the “right” side of the generation gap.

Laufer started a fan magazine for teenagers that rocketed to fame and fortune — perhaps because he knows what teen fans like.

“I saw David Cassidy on *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, two years ago,” Chuck Laufer recalled. “It was the first thing he ever did, I think. The next day I told my people about him, and we started shooting picture layouts on David.”

Explaining why he became so excited when he saw David’s performance, Laufer said, “He has it — that *special* look. The kids can empathize with it. It’s an emaciated, wistful look. They [meaning teenagers’ idols] have all had it.”

Not long after Laufer’s photographers began “shooting” David at every opportunity, the young performer realized he’d been chosen as the subject for what press agents call “The Big Build-Up.” As Laufer describes it: “We started running small pictures of David Cassidy on our magazine covers. So

every kid in the country knew who David was by the time his record came out.”

But it was before his record success that television network executives picked David for the role of Keith Partridge. They knew him as Shirley Jones’ stepson, and as Jack Cassidy’s son. And they knew about his acting roles. But they *hadn’t* known that he could sing!

Some Said the Show Would Flop

THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY, as outlined by press releases before the 1970–71 TV season got underway, struck many critics as being fated to flop.

It was a season in which the TV industry was placing much emphasis on the importance of young viewers. So it came as no surprise that this new series would feature a family consisting largely of kids. The program's big weak point — or so it seemed from the bare outline of the plot — was its attempt to bridge the generation gap by putting Mom herself in the lineup.

In this, the Partridge family was definitely *not* to

be just like the family next door. Most “moms” can’t stand rock music. But when the lead singer of the young Partridge musicians is stricken with mumps, Mom herself is the logical substitute — or so the script read. Even so, could you expect her to take time off from PTA meetings to drive the young rocksters throughout the country in an old school bus painted in psychedelic colors? “The whole idea is just too cute,” predicted some of the critics.

How wrong can you be? Maybe there *aren’t* many families as filled with togetherness as the Partridges — but maybe that’s one of its big appeals too. Maybe many kids wish there *were* many more such families in real life.

Whatever the reason, you can’t argue with the show’s success. Besides scoring high enough in the all-important ratings to be brought back for its second season, it has made a tremendous impact on pop-rock music and has financially benefited its stars and its shareholders accordingly.

Chuck Laufer is now selling whole warehouses of such souvenirs as David Cassidy Luv Beads and David Cassidy Super Luv Stickers; he “owns” the Partridge Family Fan Club.

Others weren’t slow to jump on the David Cassidy bandwagon, either. As soon as studio executives



SHIRLEY JONES is "den mother" of TV's Partridges.

learned that David could sing as well as play guitar and act, they realized that they had a bonanza.

He and his stepmother, Shirley Jones, are the only ones whose voices are actually heard singing on the program or in *Partridge Family* records. "Other professionals are singing back-up," David explained.

Partridge Family records sell in the millions. "We've had three gold albums and three gold singles," Shirley happily reported.

"I'm also starting to cut my own stuff," David later said with a modesty that didn't hide a trace of understandable pride. "So far, I've cut two things. I'm doing an album now. I just finished a *Partridge Family* album and have cut two so far for my own album. I hope to have a single out soon."

As artistically and financially rewarding as the recording business may be for "The Partridges," it is only a highly profitable sideline. For without the TV show, there would have been no "Partridge Family," of course.

The show has brought changes in the lives of each member of "the family."

And some of these changes have been drastic, indeed.

David's New "Family"

OF ALL THOSE INVOLVED with turning out *The Partridge Family* each week, the person least surprised by its startling success was Shirley Jones, the "den mother" of the Partridge brood.

Perhaps Shirley's long theatrical background has made her a kind of "seer" in theatrical matters. Anyway, she confidently predicted success for the show while others were merely hoping. And that was before *The Partridge Family* had even been aired, and while the show's first segments were still being taped at the studio.

Shirley had been in show-business hits before, though this was her first TV series. But this experienced actress was really enthusiastic about the part

she was playing. And right there may lie one big secret of the show's success. Shirley and *all* members of *The Partridge Family* don't try to hide their enthusiasm.

Why was Shirley so eager to do the show? One reason was because she had quite a different rôle from others she'd played.

That wildly painted Partridge bus! Did she really drive it, we asked, or did the studio "magicians" somehow get around that with trick photography?

Shirley, seated in front of a large make-up mirror while a hairdresser fiddled with her hair, looked



THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY take to the road in this wildly painted bus — with "Mom" at the wheel.

slightly pained by the question. "You bet I drive it!" she replied. "Why, I've driven that bus all through Las Vegas and Hollywood!"

Shirley's a small-town girl (born in Smittstown, Pa.: population, 800), who attained stardom overnight in the film version of *Oklahoma!* some years ago. Since the beat of such songs as "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" is a far cry from some of the rock music she sings with the Partridges, we asked if she really liked the music. Quickly her face lighted up. "Like it? I *love* it!" she replied. "We think we've got some real hits!"

To show how right she is, one of those "hits" she predicted was *The Partridge Family's* "I'll Meet You Halfway." In only three weeks after it was released, it had zoomed to the No. 10 spot in *Variety's* list of top-100 best-sellers.

Much of the credit for the success of the show should go to the honey-blond actress Shirley herself. In real life you won't find many mothers driving their musical children around in a crazy-colored bus. And there are probably few actresses who could play the part with the conviction that Shirley brings to it. Her enthusiasm for the role is real, though she admits: "If someone had told me a few years ago



DAVE MADDEN isn't mad at anybody as he poses with Shirley, but he's the child-hating agent in the series.

that I'd be singing rock 'n' roll, I'd never have believed them!"

She might have added that she would also have been surprised to learn she'd be driving the bus. It, by the way, has given Shirley her greatest trouble. "I was developing bursitis in my shoulders from steering the darn thing," she smilingly said. "Last year, it drove like a truck. But now, fortunately, they've put power steering in. Now it's not too bad."

Shirley's enthusiasm for the show is shared by Dave Madden, whose previous "splash" on television was tossing buckets of confetti on offenders in *Laugh-In*. "I love this program," said Dave. "When I was doing night-club acts, I'd get to bed around six in the morning. Now, to do this show, I have to *get up* at about six! It's turned my life completely around, but it's fun!"

Dave Madden can be a quick-change artist. When we talked to him, he'd been playing a scene with David, wearing a blue jumper and slacks. Suddenly a technician rushed up to him and said, "Dave, you've got to change now." "Are you sure?" asked Dave, surprised. "That's what 'wardrobe' says," came the reply. So Dave quickly disappeared — and almost as quickly returned, this time in a yel-

low sports outfit. “Da-dah-h-h!” he sang, heralding his instant clothing change with a make-believe trumpet flourish.

Incidentally it must take quite a bit of acting skill for fun-loving Dave to play the child-hating agent, Reuben Kinkaid. Seen close up in real life, it’s obvious that Madden isn’t mad at anybody.

Like Dave Madden and Shirley Jones, Susan Dey has also seen great changes come into her life since *The Partridge Family* was first aired.

The nineteen-year-old Susan had never worked in television before — and yet her very first series became a big hit — a fact that would make almost any girl’s head reel.

It happened fast. Susan was graduated from Fox Lane School, in Bedford, N.Y., in June, 1968. She’d started working as a fashion model when her step-mother sent photos of her and her older sister to a modeling agency. One day, the modeling agency got a call asking if they knew of a girl who might fit the part of Laurie Partridge.

When Susan first heard about it, she didn’t think she had a chance. After all, the only dramatic experience she’d had was acting in school plays. But she tried out for the part—and less than eighteen months



SUSAN DEY was a successful fashion model before TV fame came her way in the role of "Laurie."

after finishing school, she found herself well on the way to becoming a TV star.

On *The Partridge Family* set, Susan said, "I've enjoyed doing the show so much lately." Susan was wearing a red cord jacket, white bell-bottoms, a blue and red sweater, and red, white, and blue sneakers. "Last year," she went on, "I was uptight. It was all so new. I'd never done anything like it before."

One thing which had helped her to feel "loose" about being before the TV cameras was being able, after the series began being aired, to watch the finished "product" on her own TV set. "Getting to watch myself on TV was very helpful," she said. "And getting to know the crew and everybody around the set helped tremendously too."

It can be supposed that, once you know the first name of the fellow behind the camera who's "shooting" you, the camera itself doesn't seem so impersonal and, maybe, *against* you. Working with strangers can be not only taxing but terrifying. Working with friends is often fun.

In her first year of television work, Susan learned something else too: TV can often make its stars feel they are playing the GI's old Army game of hurry-up-and-wait. In television so many people have to depend on so many others, and one individual's

wants or needs don't always fit in with those of others!

"The first season, they kept me here for a month for looping," Susan explained.

"Looping" requires the TV actor to watch replays of scenes he's already made and to record the words to go with them. This operation takes place in a sound studio. It is a tedious chore for the actor, since it's necessary for him to match the words he *now* utters exactly with the lip movements being pictured. Known as "lip sync," for "lip synchronization," loop-

LIP SYNC is used to dub in voices of others for TV series; but David's voice is his own.



ing becomes necessary when a scene is made in a location in which it's too difficult to set up sound equipment — for example, in a scene 'shot on the desert.

"I sat out here for a month — and looped on the last day," Susan said. But she was smiling when she said it. Obviously, she'd adjusted to television's demands without losing her sense of humor. "It was just that I didn't have anything to do out here," she explained.

The Partridge Family has brought many changes into the lives of the "younger Partridges" too.

They are Danny Bonaduce, eleven, who plays the financial whiz-kid; Brian Forster, the nine-year-old actor who plays Chris, the youngest of the Partridge boys, and Suzanne Crough, seven, who plays Tracy, the youngest Partridge of all. The school-age actors who are regulars on *The Partridge Family* lead a very different life from most kids. And they also follow a different schedule from that of adult actors.

Television, for the stars working on a series, is one of the most time-consuming forms of entertainment. They put in a work day of about eleven hours. That doesn't mean they're working before the cameras all that time; but they must remain avail-

able — or “on call” — to be summoned on stage at a moment’s notice.

For young TV actors who must also be getting their primary or secondary education, life can be especially hard. Instead of relaxing or spending their “off-camera” time rehearsing their lines for the next scene, they must go to school.

“School,” in such cases, means a private teacher. And “classes” are generally held in the young actor’s dressing room. A studio teacher explained how California state law requires that each school-age actor receive a minimum of three hours of tutoring a day. The law also specifies that each “school session” be at least twenty minutes long. Excepting for these two requirements, the actor-student’s priorities are clear: TV work comes first, and schooling comes second. But somehow each must be sandwiched in throughout the day.

To many students, this kind of schooling may sound ideal. The actor-student spends far less time in “school” than most students, and the fact that he’s called out of “class” so often may sound like a fine arrangement — especially if he’s not prepared to answer questions!

But there are disadvantages too. Suppose the

tutored TV star is called out of "class" to do a scene. Since there are no other students to divert the teacher's attention while he's away, she'll still be awaiting his answer when he returns!

To most students, school means something besides just books and classrooms. There are sports, whether one actively participates in them or just actively watches. Then there are other extracurricular activities, such as clubs, plays, working on the school newspaper, or playing on the school band. And there is

DANNY BONADUCE — the "financial wizard" of the Partridge family.



the comradeship in knowing the names of those sitting near them in various classes.

But the young student who goes to school on the lot of a TV studio gets none of these benefits. In a sense, it's a lonely life. Child actors, like Danny, Jeremy, and Suzanne, are very intelligent kids who realize they must be missing a great deal. At the same time, though, they're convinced that other things they're learning about life more than make up for whatever they're missing in regular school.

Great changes have come to all members of *The Partridge Family*. What changes has the series' success brought to David Cassidy?

“They Rushed the Stage”

SUCCESS often brings changes. And success has made changes in David Cassidy's life.

That day we were to meet him at a restaurant. David sauntered over, said “hello,” shook hands and apologized for being about three seconds late.

He was dressed quite mod in a brown outfit — brown and white knitted sports shirt, brown bell-bottoms, wide brown belt, and brown squared-toe shoes.

In real life David is still a friendly, candid person who isn't overly concerned with his image.

A lot of TV personalities give you the impression that they're always “upbeat” — or they *try* to give

you this impression. You're sure that their daily schedule must frequently leave them exhausted. Yet in their sometimes *too* lively patter and animated gestures they seem to be trying to prove that they're not only superstars — they are also superhuman. Such a phony pose isn't for David. At the table, he slumped in his chair a bit and made what some actors would consider a terrible admission. Smiling somewhat apologetically, he said, "I'm so tired. Excuse me, but I'm absolutely dead."

David went on to explain what he had been doing that made him so tired.

"I was on a tour last weekend — Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio," he said. "I went out there Saturday morning and did two shows in Columbus and one in Cincinnati. It was pretty exhausting. Then this week, I've been working at the studio every day, of course. Tonight, I'll go to work on a recording. I'll get off at about ten or eleven P.M. and have to get up at six or six fifteen in the morning. My alarm goes off at six and I try to get up by six fifteen. I have to be at the studio at seven thirty. Last year, we worked until seven ten P.M. But this year, thank goodness, we work only until six thirty."

Working "only" until six thirty still means that David puts in a minimum of eleven hours of work

during the easier work days, plus whatever additional hours he must spend during the week in the recording studio and on tours. No wonder David was "absolutely dead."

Didn't he save any weekends for himself? When did he ever have a chance to relax?

He smiled. "Oh, I take off about six minutes a day," he joked. "I sit down with my friends and say, 'Hey, this is it. Here I am, relaxing.' " Then he said, more seriously, "No, I spend three out of four weekends on the road. It's gotten pretty heavy recently."

He told a story showing that no matter how used an entertainer may be to working in front of cameras, playing before a large "live" audience can sometimes be a frightening experience.

"The first time I did a concert, it took about five years off my life," he confessed. "There were *thousands* of kids out there. That was in Seattle, Washington. They were screaming and yelling, and I just couldn't believe that they were all there to hear me. Nothing can prepare you for *that*!

"Last winter, Susan Dey, Danny Bonaduce, and I were grand marshals at a parade in Cleveland. It was really insane! We were up on a fire engine. We dragged the whole parade with us. By the end of the parade, there were 10,000 to 20,000 people behind

us. They estimated that there were 200,000 people (including spectators) in all. All I could see were the kids' hands waving, and all I could hear was screaming. It was an eerie feeling!"

Had these been the most memorable moments of his personal appearances? David smiled and shook his head.

"No, in Portland, Oregon, once, I really felt panicky when the fans swarmed on the stage. Just before that, a girl ran up to the stage and handed me a note. When I took it, she pulled off my ring. Oh, maybe it was an accident; I don't know. Anyway, my father had given me the ring and it really meant something to me. I thought, 'What can I do?' The girl didn't go away with the ring, though. Instead, she held it up to me. I bent down to get it, and I was so glad to get it back that I leaned over and kissed her hand."

As David spoke, he glanced at the ring which he wears on the little finger of his right hand. "Well, when I kissed the girl's hand," he said, "that's when they rushed the stage. Then I really felt panicky. I later heard a tape of the concert. They turned on the house lights and announced, 'We can't go on until you return to your seats.' I hadn't even remembered that part of it.

"That was really something! But — you won't be-



A BIG — AND PLEASANT — SURPRISE came for the TV people who signed David for the series *before* they knew he was a “real” musician.

lieve this — in Detroit 150 girls fainted and the police had to take them out. I just couldn't believe it. The concert was outside, and it wasn't terribly warm. They just got carried away, I guess."

Considering the commotion that attends his concerts, we asked David if his audience sometimes has trouble hearing his music.

He laughed — perhaps he may have sometimes asked himself the same question.

"Well, they do scream a lot," he said. "Then they'll stop awhile before something else sets them off. Seriously, though, they do hear me. I'll tell you why. I have a really good band and a really good sound system — which I'll admit I need. It does get pretty loud. When I do two concerts a day, during the one in the afternoon they're usually much more subdued. They scream less and applaud more. It's at the evening concerts that they go crazy. But I have a lot of fun doing both kinds. It turns me on to know I'm turning others on."

How had he gone about putting his group together? Had the musicians been personal friends of his before joining the band?

"No, I got the musical director and he put the band together," said David. "I was very lucky because it's really a great band."

While discussing music, David revealed that his musical tastes changed considerably during his first year of making *The Partridge Family*. This might not be too surprising, considering how much music he'd been exposed to in that rather frantic year, not only on the show itself but in concerts and recording sessions.

Just the year before, when his new TV series was getting under way, David had spoken very highly of such groups as "Chicago."

"There are some really fantastic groups today," he had exclaimed, singling out "Chicago" in particular. "I sort of tend to lean toward jazz more than rock. It depends on my mood. I can really get behind some rock groups who aren't doing just 'one-two-three rock' — groups who've been influenced by the Beatles."

Almost a year had passed since David had made these comments on music. Now he said, "I'm not really into 'Chicago' as much as I was," he replied. "But I haven't really changed, I don't think. Instead, I've just broadened. Still, I'm not really into any particular group." As for the songs he likes best, he said, "I can't really put a label on them. Some of my material has gotten deeper."

Many of David's fans probably will always consider his recorded performance of "I Think I Love

You" the best thing he's ever done. But he's obviously tired of this hit. (It has sold more than three million copies.) He'd recently gone on record as saying, "They released it because they thought the young kids might eat it up. I don't know whether I'll be able to live it *down*."

One of the best things about David's first season with the Partridges, was that, despite the sometimes grinding pace he had to maintain, he was able to do some composing for the show.

A year previously, he'd said he hoped that he'd be able to work in some music-writing during the months ahead. But he hadn't seemed too certain that this would be possible.

Now he said, "I wrote one song for *The Partridge Family* and have another one coming up. But I still haven't been as involved in writing music this year as I'd like to be. I find I can't just sit down to write music any time or any place, and say, 'O.K., here we go.'"

We thought it was impressive that, with all the pressures of his other work, David had not only been able to write two songs in a short time, but songs that were of the quality demanded by the show. And he was obviously wishing that he could do even more. It seems evident that it will be a long time, if ever,

before David Cassidy will be content to rest on his laurels.

Each weekly episode of *The Partridge Family* features an original song. A new song a week is enough of a demand to keep several song writers busy flinging notes and words onto paper.

David's lack of enthusiasm for "I Think I Love You" is quite understandable, considering the many times he's asked to play and sing it. Still, he recognizes good material when he hears it. "Wes Farrell and Tony Romeo, who wrote 'I Think I Love You,' have written the best things on the show, I think," he said.

David seemed to be getting more and more involved in music. Yet, remembering that it was as an actor that he'd gotten his start, the next questions seemed logical: Did he have preference for music over acting? Did he believe that someday he might decide to devote all his time to music and abandon his dramatic ambitions?

Anyone familiar with David's many talents and the energy that churns beneath that sometimes relaxed exterior shouldn't have been surprised at his reply.

"No, I don't really have a preference. I don't want to close any doors. There is probably more freedom

and more creativity for me in music. But I'd also like to get into directing, producing, writing, as well as playing. I don't think I'll ever want to do just one thing."

Had overnight success caught him completely by surprise?

Apparently, David had given a great deal of level-headed thought to some of the turns his life might take, even before *The Partridge Family* was first aired.

"Without sounding . . ." David's voice trailed off. Then he squared his shoulders, as if deciding to give "the straight story" no matter *how* it sounded.

"Well, I had mixed feelings about it," he said. "I *did* expect it to happen in a way. People would say, 'Boy, when this goes on the air, it will be great for you.' And magazines were doing a lot of preparation for me and the show. I saw the potential for me and for the show because of the investment so many people were making."

Still, as David had mentioned when discussing the near-riot scene at the Portland concert that night, "nothing can prepare you" for *everything*.

The Disadvantages of Being a Teenagers' Idol

SINCE DAVID has become a TV and recording star, he's acquired just about everything a young man could want, with one great exception — privacy.

Whatever privacy David does get these days he has to work hard for. His fans besiege him for autographs and photographs. They beg him for keepsakes. He receives a small mountain of mail each week, mostly letters from girls who can't understand why he doesn't write back. But if David tried to answer each letter, he'd never have a moment left to act in front of a camera or to play and sing into a microphone. And if all his fans knew his address, he'd receive even *more* mail. (Much of his fan mail is

misaddressed to publications that have published stories about David but don't necessarily know his address.)

Some of the letters which have found their way to David are from girls who feel certain that they're dying of love for him. And some letters, like this one, are just to let him know they listen to his songs:

"I am nine years old, but I am almost ten. My *aunt is eleven years old.*"

When David's fans see him in person, their reaction is sometimes frenzied enough to cause him to fear a stampede. We asked him if, during his stage appearances, fans had ever gotten close enough to him to tear at his clothes, seeking a scrap of cloth as a souvenir. David smiled as he replied, "No, but I move around a lot. I get on the stage real fast and get off real fast. I really do," David says.

But no matter how fast he moves, more persistent fans have tracked him down, even beyond the concert stage. More than once he's been forced to move fast — right out of his house!

Take the time David was living in an old house in Laurel Canyon. That's a section of Hollywood which is gradually being taken over by casual young hippies, many of whom pool the rent money and live in groups.



FANS SHRIEK joyfully when David appears. And it's plain to see he enjoys them just as much!

David described the house he shared with friends as "early orange crate," and the easy-going life in Laurel Canyon just suited him — until word leaked out to his fans where he was living. Then things began happening. David would return home from work, and there would be a group of uninvited young visitors waiting for him on his doorstep. Or, if he tried to sleep on a weekend, the doorbell would keep ringing. Girls at the door would overcome whatever shyness they had to ask: "Is this *really* where David Cassidy lives?" "May we *see* him?" "Would you please ask him to *autograph* this?" "Could we please have his *picture*?"

This was too much. In the dark of night, he and some friends loaded a rented truck with his gear and drove to his new house in the Hollywood Hills.

"Now I have a house with four bedrooms which I share with two roommates," he said. "One is in the band, and the other handles merchandising for the concert tours."

Had life at home, then, settled down for David? "No," he said, smiling. "Some kids have again found out where I live. So, I'll be moving again as soon as I can find a new place. I have to keep moving."

In fact, David's problem of finding a suitable

“retreat” seems to be getting worse rather than better. “I lived in the first place (in Laurel Canyon) about ten months,” he said. “I’ve lived at the present place only about six months. Someday,” he said, “I’m going to get a ranch. It’ll have a lot of land and horses, where I can run around and where the dogs can run loose.

“I have two dogs. I have a shepherd ‘mix’ named Sheesh and a wirehaired terrier named Sam. I’ve had them a few years. I also have a German shepherd who comes up to our house. She doesn’t seem to belong to anyone, but we feed her and she trusts us. We may take her too when we move. But it’s a little complicated, because she also visits another house, and we can’t just take our half of the dog.” He laughed.

We asked him if he’d found any disadvantages to being an idol among teenagers and pre-teens.

“Well, I surely enjoy my life,” he replied, “but, sure, there are disadvantages. You find yourself very restricted.

“I could never go to Disneyland. I can’t go to the zoo. I can’t go to movies or any place where there are lots of kids. I want to hang loose, but you can’t when there are people around you all the time. I hate to be rude. But I don’t always feel like having so many people around.”

Did David and his roommates cook for themselves? "We cook maybe twice a week," he said. He smiled and shook his head. "We don't cook too well," he confessed. "Sometimes we make an omelet that's really good. We put lots in it — things like mushrooms, onions, and rice. It tastes out of sight. But you get tired of the same omelet every night, and I don't think we'll ever get into gourmet cooking. I'd like for us to get a cook someday. As it is now, when we get tired of the omelet dish, we go out to eat. We go out three or four times a week.

"When I'm at work, I usually eat off the truck or go to a 'deli.' [By eating 'off the truck,' David meant eating at the commissary truck that sells food and beverages to those working at the studio.] There's a place down the street that's got great big greasy submarine sandwiches which I'm crazy about," David said. "But I have to watch myself, going to that place. I limit myself to one of those submarines a week, because my face can't take it."

So, here was still another small disadvantage in being a TV star — he can't eat just anything he wants to, not with his complexion constantly under the eye of the TV camera.

Friends vs. Acquaintances

DAVID didn't express himself to us as strongly on the subject of his lack of privacy as he apparently has to others. On one occasion he is reported to have exclaimed: "I don't want to be a teenage idol. I can't go out any more [without being recognized] so I stay home a lot."

Even then, though, he tempered this slight outburst by admitting that, "It's a nice inconvenience. When you don't have it [the admiration of eager fans] you sure wish you did."

According to an old saw, "Everyone loves a winner." How has David's sudden fame affected his personal social life?

"All this has separated my friends from my acquaintances," David said rather sadly. "There are a few friends I don't see and would like to see, but we've grown apart. Our lives don't correspond. We see each other in the past rather than the present."

Do crowded schedules mesh so that David can see his family often these days?, we asked.

"I might see Shirley and my father every two weeks or so, if I'm lucky," David replied. (Obviously he wasn't counting the time spent almost daily with Shirley on the set.)

"I used to go over to see them every Sunday. But now I'm out of town a lot. They're coming down this weekend to see me give a performance in San Diego. And, of course, I see my mother [Evelyn Ward] as much as possible too."

Limited as David's time is, surely he must maintain *some* social life. What about girls?

David smiled. "I don't date too often," he said, "but I try to fit in dates as often as I can."

Did he have a "steady"? "Not really," he said. "There are a couple of girls I like to take out. But I'm not seriously involved."

This question about a "steady" girl friend had made David look a bit uncomfortable. He was twirl-

ing the water glass beside his plate, and looking at it intently. Our next question was rather blunt: "Are you bothered by such a nosy question?"

David looked up quickly and smiled that wonderful million-dollar smile. He shook his head. "No, I'm not *really* bothered by such questions," he said. "To tell the truth, if I were taking someone out steadily, I wouldn't say so, anyway. So, it doesn't really matter!"

Although David's social life may be limited now, it isn't always confined to members of his family or a couple of very lucky girls.

One day, David was at home when his doorbell rang. Was it another unknown fan, trying to storm the barricades? Not this time. David recognized the visitor standing on the other side of the wrought-iron gate. "Hello, David," said David.

"Hello, David," said the other David.

"I was up the hill at a friend's house and saw you out by the pool," explained the visiting David.

"Come in," said David, the host.

David Cassidy then spent several minutes showing his place to his guest, who looked enough like him to be his brother. Both had long, dark hair, small features and a slight build. Now and then the visiting

David would exclaim, "It's a nice place." But soon he left.

"It was strange," David Cassidy said. "I'd never even met him before."

His visitor had been Davy Jones, formerly of *The Monkees*, who became a suddenly discovered teenagers' idol himself several years ago when *The Monkees* TV series made its debut.

Standing Around Can Be Hard Work

THE LIFE of a teenagers' idol may seem like all cookies and ice cream to a TV viewer of *The Partridge Family*, in which David stars each week. But as we have already pointed out, David puts in long hours every day. Making a television series is hard work — and most especially for a star. And part of the work is standing around!

Anyone who scoffs at the idea that standing around on a set is hard work obviously has never tried it.

Among the first people who found standing around to be such hard work that they decided to do something about it were the early movie makers.

Soon after the first motion picture camera had been perfected, the movie makers "invented" a brand-new occupation: the stand-in — a person hired to share the daily work load of a star by doing some of his "standing around" for him.

Hiring stand-ins may seem like hiring someone to do your breathing for you. But to appreciate what a stand-in does, remember that one of the worst tortures cruel men have ever devised is to force a victim to just stand for hours. Not run, not walk, not sit, but just stand still.

For about five or ten minutes it seems easy enough. Then gradually, you begin to feel something happening to you. All your blood is gradually settling to your feet. Pulled there by gravity, since lack of exercise fails to force it elsewhere, this imbalance of blood does two things. Blood drains from your brain and you start to feel faint; at the same time, it descends to your feet and makes them swell. After an hour or so of simply standing the big question is whether you will fall in a faint before your feet explode.

Why is so much standing around required when a movie is being made or a TV program is being taped? The "villains" responsible for this particular form of torture are often the technicians. And even

veteran TV and movie stars sometimes find it difficult not to say, or at least *think*, hard thoughts about the technicians. Their jobs are absolutely essential to the production. But, to many stars, it sometimes seems as though the demands of the technicians always have priority. Minutes often add up to hours while camera angles are lovingly worked out, or while the lighting is changed, or while a temperamental piece of recording equipment is being fussed over. Meanwhile, the stars are just kept hanging around. Then, once the technicians *are* ready, the director usually feels that enough time has been wasted; he expects the stars to jump right into action without any "warmup."

A longtime TV star once privately complained: "Everything in this business is done for the convenience of the technicians. You don't hear many directors say, 'Let's go through that scene once again for the benefit of the actors.' Time is too short in television for many actors to give it their best performance."

Many actors feel that if a major delay in taping a show can be predicted, fine: Call for the stand-ins. Let *them* develop fallen arches while assistants run around, drawing chalk marks on the floor to indicate



LOOK-ALIKES — Bobby Sherman (left) and David.

where they think the actors should walk. But if it's one of those delays that seem as if they'll take only a moment, then it's reasonable to expect the star himself to stand in. But sometimes the "moment" stretches out to five or ten minutes — and the star is "stuck!"

The Partridge Family on the Set

STANDING is exactly what David was doing when we entered the studio in which *The Partridge Family* was being taped that day. He was standing in a set which was designed to look like a hotel lobby.

Before reaching this “hotel lobby,” we’d driven down several streets of the studio lot, each of which was a minor adventure. And for the benefit of anyone who has never visited a studio lot, we’d like to take a minute to tell you about it.

One’s first trip through a studio lot is a rather weird experience, something like watching scenes from a lot of old movies, all jumbled together. Now,

though, instead of viewing the scenes on a screen, you're looking at them in real life — with one important difference. There are no actors. Any street of a studio lot being used for actual taping or filming will be cordoned off and well-guarded. You'll be detoured long before you get a glimpse of the actors or the action. So the only streets you can drive down are unused and deserted. It's like driving through a series of ghost towns.

This block you're now driving past, for instance, is a deserted New England village. White clapboard cottages are all cozy beneath green trees, and surrounded by trim, prim fences. The houses of this "ghost-town" street are immaculately kept. Lawns are mowed and green, hedges are clipped, and none of the houses need paint. Everything's perfect — except that there are no people.

Knowing what lies behind the "houses" only adds to the sense of unreality. Step through the door of any of these Cape Cod "houses" and what will you find? A hallway or a sitting room? No! Just the reverse side of another row of phony houses which line the *next* street. That's what makes the studio lot so spooky: You're driving through a ghost town that is only two-dimensional!

Just when you're getting used to being in "New England," you cross an interesting intersection. Glancing in one direction, you see a Manhattan slum complete with street signs and traffic lights; in the other direction, you see a Wild West town.

Occasionally one of these blocks, or a house or a store in a block, will seem tantalizingly familiar. You feel sure that you must have seen it before, in a television show or a movie. The chances are, though, that you won't be able to identify the movie or TV show in which you saw them. Because when actors are acting in these studio locales, you are watching *them* and not the architecture in the background.

After a short drive, which amounted to a "Cook's tour" of places that in real life are far-flung geographically, we came to a series of huge buildings. These were the actual studios, comprised of only one story, but each more than fifty feet high. All of them had an identical, warehouse appearance, but it was easy to guess the studio in which David Cassidy was working. In front of one of these big structures was parked the familiar, many colored school bus painted in wild psychedelic designs. And across the street was a small green and white shelter shaped like a house but hardly large enough to be called a

bungalow. On the tiny front lawn of this deluxe "dressing room" was staked a name-sign such as you find planted before many suburban homes. This one read: David Cassidy.

In a bicycle rack near the house was a bicycle which also had David's name on it, painted on a sign that was clamped to the frame between the seat and the handlebars. And in a parking space beside the house was a brown Impala, and a sign in front of the parking space identified it as being reserved for David.

Having your own reserved parking space in a Hollywood studio lot isn't only a status symbol — it's a necessary timesaver, and it saves the producers thousands of dollars.

Taping a TV production is one of the quickest ways of spending a lot of money. It isn't just the star's salary. The cameramen, the electricians and lighting experts, the sound-men, the make-up people, the people in the wardrobe (or "costume") department, the director, the stage manager, the people who specialize in scenery and "props," and the "grips" who move things around all get paid good salaries. And they are paid whether they are working or just waiting on the set for the taping to begin. Every mo-

ment counts; so it wouldn't be very economical to have all these people wait around some morning, while the star of the show is outside, looking for a place to park!

What is the studio building like? It's windowless, to keep out all outside light; its thick walls are sound-proofed to keep out all outside noise; and it has heavy doors. There aren't many doors to the studio, and a red light blinks above them when a scene is being taped inside. This lessens the chances of someone opening the door and letting in unwanted light or sound that could ruin the tape.

A red light was blinking over the door we were approaching, so we had to stand around a few minutes while those inside finished the scene they were making. When the light ceased blinking, we managed to open the heavy door — and stepped into another world.

Inside, it looked as though someone was giving a big loft party in an old warehouse. To our left, leaning against an old theater stage, was Susan Dey chatting with a couple of her friends. A group of people, technicians in a wide assortment of colorful sports clothes, stood talking near a large tape re-

corder. Two other people were pouring themselves cups of coffee at a large red electric urn on a table. And a girl in a yellow shirt and tan slacks, who, we later learned, was a make-up girl, stood around munching from a sack of Fritos.

But if this was a "party," it was certainly a casual, unexciting one. In a far corner, near a chaise longue, an extra stood reading a newspaper. And Shirley Jones sat on a high stool, reading a book. Actually, of course, this was no party, but a break between "takes."

David was eating an ice cream cone as he stood in the "hotel lobby," the only section of the studio that was brightly lighted, over to our right. The lobby was complete with a fountain in the middle and uniformed bellboys standing in the background. It was lighted by huge chandeliers which, if you looked high enough, you could see were suspended from ropes. Near the lobby's fountain stood a bench, and near the bench stood a TV camera manned by four men.

We could see that, with a minimum of work by the stage hands, this studio scene could be quickly changed to something besides a hotel lobby. For instance, behind Shirley Jones, who sat about thirty feet from the lobby, was a "jail cell," and from the

walls of the studio hung an assortment of highway signs, two of which read "Ohio 73" and "Texas 73."

"O.K. *Places*, everybody!" yelled one of the men milling on the outskirts of the hotel lobby. David handed over his ice cream cone to an employee standing nearby. The make-up girl, meanwhile, decided that a strand of David's hair was out of place. Quickly disposing of her bag of Fritos, she produced a comb which she ran through his hair.

The director, dressed in a brown leather jacket and bell-bottoms, took his place in a folding canvas chair. To get the proper perspective on the scene, he'd placed his chair inside the jail. David took his place near the bench in the lobby.

"Let's have it quiet, everybody!" shouted the director's spokesman, and a warning horn sounded.

The camera was trained only a few feet from David's face. He looked directly into the camera. "Danny," he said, "if you don't stop telling lies, your nose will grow longer." You could tell from the way he slapped the air and from the disgusted expression on his face that he'd "blown" a line.

"All right," said the director.

David began again. "Danny," he said, "if you don't stop telling lies, your nose will grow shorter."

This was obviously a reversal of the Pinocchio

story where Pinocchio's nose grew *longer* with each new lie. We understood that much. But what lies had Danny been telling? And where *was* Danny?

David apparently missed him too. "I need somebody's nose to tweak," he complained.

At that moment, a big fellow obligingly fell to his knees right in front of David and below the camera level. Once more David, reaching down as if tweaking the man's nose, said, "Danny, if you don't stop telling lies, your nose will grow shorter."

A bell rang. "O.K. That's a *take*," called the voice. Immediately those around the set, who had frozen in their tracks and not made a sound, began a conversational buzzing. Before the man kneeling before David has risen to his feet, someone called jokingly, "Don't you feel a little foolish?"

Someone else called, "He's kneeling before a star!" Other around laughed loudly, including David.

In the next "take," the pieces began to fall into place. It called for Danny to sit on the bench hidden behind a newspaper. David and Shirley stood before him, Shirley called his name and a poorly disguised voice from behind the newspaper said, "Lady, you've got the wrong person. There's no one here by that name." That's when David again said the line we'd

become so familiar with. Then came the gag: David reached over the newspaper and tweaked the nose of Danny — who was wearing an out-sized false nose with eye glasses.

Again the bell rang indicating that the “take” had been made. Ever so slowly, like the pieces of a huge jig-saw puzzle, bits of another episode of *The Partridge Family* were being whittled out, later to be spliced in the right order to make a fast-moving show. But because of the necessary technical considerations, what we were watching was anything but fast-moving. No wonder Shirley Jones had decided to immerse herself in a book. No wonder the extra was catching up on his newspaper reading. No wonder others were trying to find ways to pass time, whether it was by munching Fritos or chatting in corners whenever the warning horn didn’t command them to be silent. And all this time, David had been standing. . . .

Also waiting on the sideline was Milt Kamen, dressed conservatively in gray herringbone jacket, a red tie, and gray slacks.

Milt, a successful “stand-up” comedian, was appearing as a guest star on this segment of the show. He seemed restless. He paced the floor a bit, then

decided it was time to make an important phone call. Bad timing. He'd hardly begun talking on the pay phone hung on the wall beside the coffee urn when the warning horn croaked. *Ah-ooo-GAH!*

What do you do in a case like that? Just hang up the phone on the person you're speaking to? Milt tried to compromise by lowering his voice which, in the sudden silence, could be heard through much of the studio. If he was trying to hang up fast, it wasn't fast enough for the director, who yelled in a tone of exaggerated humor: "Hey, Milt, you sound like you're making a radio show on that phone!" Milt hung up the phone.

Have you ever noticed how you can almost set your watch whenever the commercials appear on a program — and how just about always you *can* set your watch whenever a program goes on the air or leaves it? Little is left to chance in the television business; and time is carefully doled out to scenes of a show.

Now Dave Madden (Reuben Kinkaid) and Danny Bonaduce were on that hotel lobby bench again. For this run-through, not a word was said as two of the men riding herd on the camera wheeled it slowly by the actors, carefully following a line

chalked on the floor. A third man sat on the camera seat and kept the viewfinder trained on the subjects as he and the big camera were slowly rolled along. The fourth man walked along behind the others, supervising the whole operation and keeping the wires to the camera clear of any obstruction, like some careless person's feet.

When the camera had made its slow pass at the wordless actors, a voice rang out: "That's O.K., if you want that much. It was fifteen seconds."

Another voice answered: "Let's speed it up, then."

Someone obviously was clocking every second of time being "shot" by the camera. With that decision made, then, again came the *Ah-ooo-GAH!*

While watching the proceedings, we'd found a couple of unoccupied "director's chairs" and made ourselves comfortable with a cup of coffee from the urn. A number of these chairs were decorated distinctively; on their backs was stenciled a modernistic silhouette of a "mama" partridge followed by five little partridges.

Once again the horn hooted everyone into silence. Again the camera was being trundled past Dave and Danny. "You see her!" directed a voice to them. "Here comes Shirley. Get up!" Dave and Danny

arose on this cue and looked to the right of the camera. Yet we could clearly see the real Shirley to the *left*, still absorbed in her book. That's show biz. In this land of make-believe and fragments of takes, people can be several places at once.

Now they were setting up a fragment of another scene. It had to do with a discussion among David, Dave Madden, and other players concerning a new friend who, it turned out, had a criminal record and was in jail again, suspected of bilking a local citizen of some hard-earned cash. We found out who the con man was, in the next few minutes, when we went over to talk with Milt Kamen.

Milt has appeared with *The Partridge Family* several times. "I'm the guy they're talking about," he confided, referring to the on-camera remarks about the "con man." "But aren't you miscast for the part?" we laughed. "You have such an honest face." He smiled. "Glad you said that," Milt replied. "Haven't you noticed? Most good 'cons' have honest faces."

Milt said that working with David and the other Partridges had been "really great. They're a wonderful family."

It was time for Milt to go before the camera. A



THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY — One for all and all for one!

blonde girl in a red skirt and gray blouse, who was armed with a whiskbroom and a script book, stepped up and whisked his slacks. The director called, "You're sad now. Everybody's sad now. Everybody's sad. Danny, you're sad."

Shirley had put aside her book to sip a cup of coffee. Taking advantage of this break, we went over to Shirley and reminded her of her accurate prediction about the show's success. "Yes, and working on it has been very pleasant," she exclaimed. "The 'break' [the larger 'break,' the one between TV seasons] was fun, too. We [Shirley's real-life family] took two vacations. We went fishing and got marlin off Baja, California. Then we took the kids to a ranch. My children are twelve, nine, and five years old — all boys." She laughed. "So it's a masculine household."

Did she find that her image had changed because of her role as mother of the Partridges? "Only because of the kids," she said with a smile. "I have quite a collection of young fans these days. My doorbell never stops ringing, and neither does the telephone."

Were her own children quite impressed that their "Mom" had made such a favorable impression on

so many other kids? Again she smiled. "Not really. In fact, they're a little bored with the whole thing. They find that now they're 'the son of' or 'the brother of' the two of us [Shirley and stepson David Cassidy], instead of being seen as individuals. The way they rationalize it, if they get all this attention anyway, they might as well be on the show."

Shirley had seen some signal or heard some cue we missed. Saying, "Excuse me," she left to appear before the camera.

Everyone on the show with whom we'd talked was now assembling for a scene as we departed. Glancing back, we thought that the Partridges, indeed, made a fine-looking family.

Like any family in real life, the future of its members remains a great unknown. We predict, though, that Keith Partridge, as the real David Cassidy, will be entertaining his fans for many years to come!

You've seen him.

You've heard him.

Now *meet* him — right here in this book!

You'll find answers to all of those
questions you'd ask him yourself . . .

and more, in this person-to-person interview
with that rocketing rock star DAVID CASSIDY.

SCHOLASTIC BOOK SERVICES

NEW YORK • TORONTO • LONDON • AUCKLAND • SYDNEY • TOKYO